

TCU School of Music
Presents
Jacqueline Cuesta, soprano
Elijah Ong, pianist

Wednesday April 20th, 2022

8:30PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Ständchen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Airs Chantés

Air romantique

Air champêtre

Air grave

Air vif

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

“Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch’io la virtù magica”
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

“Happy Young Heart”
from *The Sorcerer*

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

From *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29
III. St. Ita’s Vision
VIII. The Monk and His Cat

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

“The hours creep on apace...A simple sailor lowly born”
From *HMS Pinafore*

Arthur Sullivan
(1842-1900)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor’s
in Vocal Performance. Ms. Cuesta is a student of Nancy Elledge.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

Notes and Translations

Felix Mendelssohn was a German composer, pianist, organist, and conductor during the early Romantic Period. He wrote nearly 750 works in almost every genre, including solo songs, choral works, oratorio, and even opera. Mendelssohn was considered a musical prodigy at a young age and was highly accomplished on the piano and organ. Of his piano works, the series *Lieder ohne Worte* (Songs without Words) is the most renowned. This lied is the second in the collection “Six songs for voice and piano” and takes the listener on a dream-like journey.

Auf Flügeln Des Gesanges

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort.

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein;
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau nach den Sternen empor;
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n;
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Lieb und Ruhe trinket,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

On Wings of Song

On wings of song,
Heart's-beloved, I carry you forth,
Forth to the fields of the Ganges,
There I know the loveliest place.

There lies a red-flowering garden
In the still moonlight;
The lotus-flowers await
Their beloved little sister.

The violets giggle and cuddle,
And look at the stars above,
The roses secretly tell
Each other fragrant fairy tales in the ear.

There leap by and listen
The gentle, wise gazelles
And in the distance murmurs
The holy streams waves.

There we will lie down,
Under the palm tree,
And drink love and peace,
And dream a blissful dream.

Gustav Mahler was an Austro-Bohemian Romantic composer, as well as one of the leading conductors of his time. He is often regarded as the link between the Romantic tradition of the 19th century and early 20th century modernism. While his status as a conductor was revered beyond a doubt, his music did not receive the same attention until after 1945, when it was rediscovered. Mahler has become one of the most frequently performed composers in the 21st century, with three of his symphonies ranked among the top ten symphonies of all time. This piece, written in 1892, is the fourth lied in the song cycle *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The boy's magic horn). Each lied from the collection takes its text from a set of over 500 German tales and poems based in German folklore and oral tradition. This lied portrays a typical pastoral scene in which love is declared for the innkeeper's daughter who lived in a hill.

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?

Dort Oren am Berg in dem hohen Haus,
Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel heraus.
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

“Mein Herze ist wund,
Komm Schätzel mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich vertwundt!

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund, ja, gesund.

Wer hat den das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und Wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!

Who thought up this little song?

Up there on the mountain in the high house,
There looks out a lovely, dear girl.
She does not come from the mountains,
She is the innkeeper's little daughter,
She lives on the green meadow.

My heart is in pain,
Come, treasure, make it well!
Your dark brown eyes,
They have wounded me!

Your rosy mouth
Makes hearts healthy.
Makes youth wise,
Makes the dead live,
Makes the sick healthy, yes, healthy.

Who has thought up this pretty little song?
Three geese have brought it over the water,
Two gray and one white;
And whoever cannot sing this little song,
They will whistle it for him. Yes!

Richard Strauss was a German composer, conductor, pianist and violinist. He is considered to be one of the leading composers of the late Romantic and early modern periods. Strauss, like his contemporary, Gustav Mahler, represents the development of German Romanticism. He began to compose music in 1870, when he was just six years old, and continued to compose until his death almost eighty years later. This piece is an art song Strauss wrote in 1886 using text from a poem of the same name by German poet Adolf Friedrich von Schack. It is the second song in the collection “Six songs for high voice and piano.”

Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen

Serenade

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,
So that no one's roused from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop their way over flowers,
Flit out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden!
The flowers are fragrant in sleep
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here
Beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above us
Shall dream of our kisses

Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.

And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

Air Chantés

Francis Poulenc was a French composer and pianist. His best known works include the ballet *Les biches* (1923), the Organ Concerto (1938), and the opera *Dialogues des Carmélites* (1957). As the only son of a successful manufacturer, he was expected to follow his father's footsteps and prohibited from enrolling at a music college. Due to this, Poulenc was mostly a self-taught musician, though he did study with pianist Ricardo Viñes, who became his mentor after the passing of his parents. In his early work, Poulenc became known for his high spirits and irreverence, which can be witnessed in this song cycle written in 1927, based on poems by Jean Moréas. Poulenc wrote that he had no admiration for this poet, but wrote this cycle for fun in order to tease his friend and publisher, François Hepp, who admired the poet.

Air Romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas,
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Air Champêtre

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,
j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

Air Grave

Ah! fuyez à présent, malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, ô remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez les deux tempes pressées,
de l'etreinte des morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins, vaporeuses fontaines,

Romantic Air

I walked in the countryside with the stormy wind,
Beneath the pale morning, beneath the low clouds,
A sinister crow followed me on my way
And my steps splashed though the water puddles.

The lightning on the horizon unleashed its flame
And the North Wind intensified its wailing;
But the storm was too weak for my soul
Which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of ash and maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant plunder,
And the crow still, with inexorable flight,
Without changing anything, accompanied me to my fate.

Pastoral Air

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember
That on a day, guided by entranced friendship,
I gazed on your face, O goddess,
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained, this friend whom I mourn,
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
To mingle once more with the breeze that caresses you,
And to respond to your hidden waters!

Grave Air

Ah! begone now, unhappy thoughts!
O anger! O remorse!
Memories that oppressed my two temples
With the embrace of the dead.

Paths full of moss, vaporous fountains,

grottes profondes, voix des oiseaux et du vent
lumières incertaines des sauvages sous-bois.

Insectes, animaux, beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas, ô divine nature, je suis ton suppliant

Ah! fuyez à présent,
colère, remords!

Air Vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois
éclatent de plaisir
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.

Mais toi, noble océan
que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager,
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes
Tu te prends à songer.

Deep grottoes, voices of birds and wind,
Fitful lights of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals, beauty to come –
Do not repulse me, o divine nature, I am your suppliant.

Ah! begone now,
Anger, remorse!

Lively Air

The treasures of the orchard and the festive garden,
The flowers of the field, of the woods
Burst forth with pleasure
Alas! and above their head the wind swells its voice.

But you, noble ocean
whom the assault of storms
Cannot ravage,
Will assuredly, with more dignity, when you lament
You lose yourself in dreams.

“Quel guardo il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica” from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti was one of the most influential composers in the development of 19th century Italian opera. Donizetti composed 67 operas in his lifetime, though only a few are still performed today. *Don Pasquale* is an opera buffa (comic opera), in three acts. It was first performed on January 3rd, 1843 at the Théâtre-Italien in Paris, France. This aria, sung by Norina, takes place in the first act of the opera. In this scene, Norina sits alone in her apartment reading a book, presumably a romance novel. She recites a passage, laughs at the situation, and reflects on her own experience.

Norina:

“Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al cor trafisse,
piegò il ginocchio e disse:
Son vostro cavalier!
E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai
non volgeria il pensier.”
Ah, ah! Ah, ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco,
so anch'io come si bruciano
i cori a lento foco;
d'un breve sorrisetto

"She gazed at the knight
in the middle of his heart he was pierced,
he bent his knee and said:
I am your cavalier!
And so much was in that look
Of tasty paradise,
that the Cavalier Riccardo,
completely conquered by love,
he swore that no other
would ever occupy his thoughts. "
Ah, ah! Ah, ah!

I too know the magic virtue
of a glance at the right time and place,
I also know how to burn
The hearts over a slow fire;
of a quick smile

conosco anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.

Conosco i mille modi
dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor.
So anch'io la virtù magica
per inspirar amor.

Ho testa bizzarra,
son pronta vivace...
brillare mi piace,
mi piace scherzar.
Se monto in furore,
di rado sto al segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar.
Ho testa bizzarra,
ma core eccellente.

I also know the effect,
of a false tear,
of a sudden faintness.

I know the thousand ways
To fool a lover,
the easy ways and the arts
to lure a heart.
I too know the magic virtue
To inspire love.

I have a different mind,
I have a ready vivacity ...
I like to be brilliant
I like to be playful.
If I mount in fury,
Of calmness there is no sign,
but into laughter my anger
I can quickly change.
I have a different mind,
but an excellent heart .

“Happy Young Heart” from *The Sorcerer*

Arthur Sullivan was an English composer and is famous for his operatic collaborations with W.S. Gilbert. Together, the duo produced fourteen operas including *H.M.S Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*. *The Sorcerer* is a two-act comic opera and was the third collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan. The plot of the opera is based on the Christmas story, *An Elixir of Love*, written by Gilbert for *The Graphic* magazine. The opera opened November 17th, 1877 at the Opera Comique in London and ran for 178 performances. In the opera, a young man named Alexis is obsessed with the idea that love can destroy the notion of rank and other social distinctions. He invites J.W. Wells, a sorcerer, to brew a love potion. The potion causes everyone in the village to fall in love with the first person they see and results in comically mismatched couples. In the end, Wells sacrifices himself to break the spell. This aria, sung by Aline, is sung in the first act, thanking everyone for joining in on the celebration of her and Alexis' engagement.

Aline:

My kindly friends, I thank you for this greeting
And as you wish me every earthly joy,
I trust your wishes may have quick fulfillment!

Oh, happy young heart!
Comes thy young lord a-wooing
With joy in his eyes,
And pride in his breast—
Make much of thy prize,
For he is the best
That ever came a-suing.

Yet—yet we must part, and
Young heart!
Yet—yet we must part!

Oh, merry young heart,
Bright are the days of thy wooing!
But happier far
The days untried—
No sorrow can mar,
When love has tied
The knot there's no undoing.
Then, never to part,
Young heart!
Then, never to part!

Hermit Songs

Samuel Barber is often lauded as one of the most prolific composers of the 20th century. He began studying piano at a young age and soon began to compose. In 1924, he attended the Curtis Institute of Music, where he also began to study voice and conducting. After graduation, Barber focused on composition. Many of his works tend to make allusions to literature, but they are not necessarily programmatic. His *Hermit Songs*, written in 1953, feature texts written by anonymous Irish monks and scholars from the 8th to 13th centuries.

III. ST. Ita's Vision

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him".
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:

"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

“The hours creep on apace...A simple sailor lowly born” from *HMS Pinafore*

HMS Pinafore was first performed at the Opera Comique in London on May 25, 1878. It was the fourth collaboration between Arthur Sullivan and W.S. Gilbert and their first international success. The opera takes place aboard the HMS Pinafore where Josephine, the captain's daughter, has met and fallen in love with a lower-class sailor. However, her father intends for her to marry a lord. In this scene, Josephine struggles to choose between her heart and her duty.

Josephine:

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither going.
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,
In some back street with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown,
Till half the night has flown!
No golden rank can he impart,
No wealth of house or land,
No fortune, save his trusty heart,
And honest, brown right hand,
His trusty heart, and brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair,
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty,
Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!
A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown.
No golden rank can he impart,
No wealth of house or land,
No fortune, save his trusty heart,

And honest, brown right hand,
His trusty heart and right hand!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart obey,
God of love, god of reason, god of reason, god of love, say,
Which shall my poor heart obey!
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey, my heart obey,
Which shall my heart, my heart obey!

Jacqueline Cuesta is a junior vocal performance major studying under Nancy Elledge. Ms. Cuesta has performed with TCU's Opera Studio, Collin College's Opera Workshop, and the Young Artist Program Accademia Vocale Lorenzo Malfatti in roles such as Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, Susanna in *La Nozze di Figaro*, Spirit 1 in *Die Zauberflöte*, Mother and Grandmother in *Little Red Riding Hood*, La Modista in *Il cappello di paglia di Firenze*, and Dater #8 in *Speed Dating Tonight*. During her college career, Ms. Cuesta has had the honor of being a Texoma NATS Finalist, performing in a masterclass with Emily Pulley, and studying abroad in Lucca, Italy. She is proud to present this recital and share this night of music with you all.

Elijah Un-Hao Ong is currently pursuing his master's in piano performance under Professor John Owings, and plans to return in the fall for his master's in violin performance. He was awarded the prestigious Nordan Scholarship upon entering Texas Christian University and has since won the 2018 TCU Concerto Competition and been the recipient of the Judith Solomon Award for Vocal Accompanying, the Presser Scholarship, and the Helen Hamilton Award for Excellence in Creative Expression. He has also played in masterclasses for world-class musicians such as Emanuel Ax, Murray McLachlan, Veda Kaplinsky, and Eddy Marcano. He now frequently works as a collaborative pianist for various soloists and studios at TCU, and is a private lesson teacher in both instruments.